

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSLUND

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"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through the unwise purchase of Tenacity Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the little auction money, all they have left, will place them in the Old Ladies' home, or Angelina in the Old Ladies' home, both are self-sacrificing but Angelina decides: "My dear, this is the last time I'll have a chance to take the wind of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little home. "What folks will say," sends them along by paths in the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bed-chamber, votes the unanimous verdict that she must be taken in with his wife. She awakens next morning to find that she is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies give him such a warm welcome that he is made to feel at home at once. "Brother Abe" expands under the warm reception of the sisters, and a reign of peace begins in the Old Ladies' home. The semi-annual visit of Blossy's aged lover, Capt. Samuel Darby, is due. Abe advises her to marry him. For the first time the captain fails to appear. Blossy consults Abe so often regarding Darby, his old captain in the life-saving service, that gossip begins to buzz. Aunt Nancy takes it upon her to stir up Blossy. He is much concerned when he learns that Angelina is jealous. Blossy drives away with Darby, to be married. Abe loses popularity. The change reacts on him and the doctor orders him to bed. Then he is at the mercy of the old ladies. Darby comes to see him. The old captain suggests a week's hardening up at the old life-saving station, and the two old cronies make plans for the trip. Angelina goes to visit Blossy while they are gone.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

She perched herself on her little horsehair trunk, which she had packed to take to Blossy's, looking in her time-worn silk gown like a rusty blackbird, and, like a bird, she bent her head first to one side and then the other, surveying Abe in his "barrel clothes" with a critical but complimentary eye.

"Wonder who made that necktie?" she questioned. "I'll bet yer 'twas Aunt Nancy; she's got a sharp tongue, but a lot of silk pieces an' a tender spot in her heart for yew, Abe. Ruby Lee says she never thought yew'd bring her around; yew're dreadf' takin' in yer ways, father, thar's no use a-talkin'."

Abraham glanced at himself in the glass, and pulled at his beard, his countenance not altogether free from a self-conscious vanity.

"I hain't sech a bad-lookin' feller when I'm dressed up, be I, mother? I dunno ez it's so much for folks ter say I look like Abe Lincoln, after all, he was dreadf' humbly."

"Father," Angel said coaxingly, "why don't yer put some o' thar 'sweet stuff' Miss Abigail give yer on yer hair? She'll feel real hurt ef she don't smell it on yer when yew go down stairs."

Abe made a wry face, took up the tiny bottle of "Jockey Club," and rubbed a few drops on his hands. His hands would wash, and so he could find some way of removing the odor before he reached the station and the men.

"I'll be men glad ter git away from these here fussy old hens fer a spell," he grumbled, as he slammed the vial back on the bureau; but Angel looked so reproachful and grieved that he felt ashamed of his ingratitude, and asked with more gentleness:

"Yew goin' ter miss me, mother?" Then the old wife was ashamed to find herself shaking of a sudden, and grown wretchedly afraid—afraid of the separation, afraid of the "hardening" process, afraid of the new knot what.

"I'm glad 'tain't goin' ter be fer all winter this time," she said simply; then arose to open the door in order that he might not see the rush of tears to her foolish old eyes.

According to the arrangement, Captain Darby was to drive over from Twin Coves with his hired man, and Ezra, after taking the two old men to the bay, was to return to the Home for Angel and her little trunk.

When Samuel drove up to the front door, he found Abe pacing the porch. His coat collar turned up about his neck, his shabby fur cap pulled over his brow, his carpetbag on the step, and, piled on the bench at the side of the door, an assortment of woollen articles fully six feet high, which afterward developed to be shawls, capes, hoodies, comforters, wrappings, leggings, moccasins, guernseys, blankets, and coats.

Abe was fuming and indignant, scornful of the contributions, and vowing that, though the sisters might regard a scooter as a freight ocean liner, he would carry nothing with him but what he wore and his carpetbag. "An' right yer be," pronounced Samuel, with a glance at the laden bench and a shake of his head which said as plainly as words, "Brother, yem what am I not delivering thee?"

The sisters came bustling out of the door. Mrs. Homan in the lead, Angel submerged in the crowd, and from that moment there was such a fuss, so

much excitement, so many instructions and directions for the two adventurers, that Abraham found himself in the carriage before he had kissed Angel good-by.

He had shaken hands, perhaps not altogether gracefully, with every one else, even with the deaf-and-dumb gardener, who came out of his hiding place to witness the setting-out. Being dared to by all the younger sisters, he had waggishly brushed his beard against Aunt Nancy Smith's cheek, and then he had taken his place beside Samuel without a touch or word of parting to his wife.

He turned in his seat to wave to the group on the porch, his eyes resting in a sudden hunger upon Angelina's frail, slender figure, as he remembered. She knew that he had forgotten in the flurry of his leaving-taking, and she would have hastened down the steps to stop the carriage; but all the old ladies were there to see, and she simply stood, and gazed after the vehicle as it rolled away slowly behind the jog trot of Samuel's safe old calico horse. She stood and looked, holding her chin very high, and trying to check its unsteadiness.

A sense of loneliness and desolation fell over the Home. Place by place the sisters put away all the clothing they had offered in vain to Abe. They said that the house was already dull without his presence. Miss Abigail began to plan what she should have for dinner the day of his return.

No one seemed to notice Angel. She felt that her own departure would create scarcely a stir; for, without Abraham, she was only one of a group of poor old women in a semi-charity home.

Slowly she started up the stairs for her bonnet and the old broche shawl. When she reached the landing, where lay the knitted mat of the three-star pattern, the matron called up to her in tragic tones:

"Angel Rose, I jest thought of it. He never kissed yew good-by!"

Angel turned, her small, slender feet sinking deep into one of the woollen slippers, her figure encircled by the light from the upper hall window. She saw a dozen faces uplifted to her, and she answered with quiet dignity:

"Abe wouldn't think of kissin' me afore folks."

Then quickly she turned again, and went to her room—where she seated herself at the window, and pressed her hand against her heart, which hurt with a new, strange, unfamiliar pain, a pain that she could not have shown "afore folks."

CHAPTER XIV.

Cutting the Apron Strings.
The usual hardy pleasure-seekers that gather at the foot of Shore Lane whenever the bay becomes a field of ice and a field of sport as well were there to see the old men arrive, and as they stepped out of the carriage there came forward from among the group gathered about the fire on the beach the editor of the Shoreville Herald.

Ever since his entrance into the Old Ladies' home Abe had never stopped chafing in secret over the fact that until he died, and no doubt received worthy obituary, he might never again "have his name in the paper."

In former days the successive editors of the local sheet had been willing, nay, eager, to chronicle his doings and Angel's, whether Abe's old enemy, rheumatism, won a new victory over him or Angel's second cousin Ruth came from Roverhead to spend the day, or—wonder indeed to relate!—the old man mended his roof or painted the front fence. No matter what happened of consequence to Captain and Mrs. Rose, Mr. Editor had always been zealous to retail the news—before the auction sale of their household effects marked the death of the old couple, and of Abe especially, to the social world of Shoreville. What man would care to read his name between the lines of such a news item as this?

The Old Ladies' Home is making preparations for its annual quilting bee. Donations of worsted, cotton batting, and linings will be gratefully received.

Mr. Editor touched his cap to the two old men. He was a keen-faced, boyish little man with a laugh bigger than himself, but he always wore a worried air the day before his paper, a weekly, went to press, and he wore that worried look now. Touching his hand to his fur cap, he informed Samuel and Abe that news was "as scarce as hen's teeth;" then added:

"Oh, nawthin', nawthin'," hastily replied Samuel, who believed that he hated publicity, as he gave Abe's foot a sly kick. "We was jest a-gwine ter take a little scooter sail." He adjusted the skirt of his coat in an effort to hide Abe's carpetbag, his own canvas satchel, and a huge market basket of good things which Blossy had cooked for the life-savers. "Seen anythink of that air Eph Seaman?" Samuel added, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out upon the gleaming surface of the bay, over which the white sails of scooters were darting like a flock of huge, single-winged birds.

"Eph's racing with Captain Bill Green," replied the newspaper man. "Captain Bill's got an extra set of new runners at the side of his scooter, and wants to test them. Say, boy, lookin' from one to the other of the old fellows, 'so yew're goin' scootin', eh? Lively sport! Cold kind of sport for men of yer age. Do you know, I've a good mind to run in tomorrow on an article on 'Long Island and Longevity.'" Taking headline, eh? "Captain Rose," turning to Abe as Samuel would do no more than glower at

him, "to what do you attribute your good health at your time of life?"

Abe grinned all over his face and cleared his throat importantly, but before he could answer, Samuel growled:

"Ter me! His health an' his life both. I dragged him up out of a death-bed only a week ago."

The editor took out his notebook and began scribbling.

"What brought you so low, Captain Rose?" he inquired without glancing up. Again, before Abe could answer, Samuel trod on his toe.

"Thirty mollycoddled women-folks," Abe found his voice and slammed the fist of one hand against the palm of the other.

"If you go an' put that in the paper, I'll—I'll—"

Words failed him. He could see the sisters fairly fighting for the possession of the Shoreville Herald tomorrow, evening, as they always scrambled, even for the first glance at the only copy taken at the home, and he could hear one reading his name aloud—reading of the black ingratitude of their brother member.

"Jest say," he added eagerly, "that the time fer old folks ter stick home under the cellar door has passed, an' nobody is no older ter go a-gallivantin' nowadays. An' then yew might mention—the old man's face was shining now as he imagined Angel's pleasure—that Miss Rose is gone down ter Twin Coves ter visit Miss Samuel Darby fer a week, an' Cap'n Darby an' Cap'n Abraham Rose," his breast swelling out, "is a-goin' ter spend a week at Bleak Hill. Thar, hain't that Cap'n Eph a-scootin' in naow? I guess them air new runners o' Bill Green's didn't work. He hain't nowhere in sight. He—"

"Let's be a-gwine, Abe," interrupted Samuel, and leaving the editor still scribbling, he led the way down the bank with the determined stride, his market basket in one hand, his grip in the other, and his lip muttering that "a feller couldn't dew nuthin' in Shoreville without gettin' his name in the paper." But a moment later, when the two were walking gingerly over the ice to the spot where Eph had drawn his scooter to a standstill, Samuel fell into a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"He didn't find out, though, that I had my reasons fer leavin' home tew. Women-folks, be it only one, hain't good all the time fer nobody. I come ter see Blossy twict a year afore we was married, reglar; an' now, I cakin' ter leave her twict a year fer a spell. A week onct every six months separate an' apart, proceeded the recently made benedict, "is what makes a man an' his wife learn how ter put up with one another in between times."

"Why, me an' Angel," began Abe, "have lived together year in an' year out fer—"

"All aboard!" interrupted Captain Eph with a shout. "It's a fair wind. I bet on making it in five minutes and fifty seconds."

Seven minutes had been the record time for the five-mile sail over the ice to Bleak Hill, but Samuel and Abe, both vowing delightedly that the skipper couldn't go too fast for them, stepped into the body of the boat and squatted down on the hard boards. They grinned at each other as the scooter started and Eph jumped aboard—grinned and waved to the people on the shore, their proud old thoughts crying:

"I guess folks will see now that we're as young as we ever was!"

They continued to grin as the boat spun into full flight and went whizzing over the ice, whizzing and bumping and bouncing. Both their faces grew red, their teeth began to chatter; but Samuel shouted at the top of his voice in defiance of the gale:

"Abe, we've cut the apron strings!" "Hy-guy!" Abe shouted in return, his heart flying as fast as the sail, back to youth and manhood again, back to truant days and the vacation time of boyhood. "Hy-guy, Sam! Hain't we a-gwine ter have a reglar A No. 1 spree!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BADLY AFFECTED BY WIND

Prodigious Speed of Projectiles in Warfare Has Been Known to Overcome Soldiers.

That the wind of projectiles causes the death of soldiers is a theory advanced by Professor Laurent of Brussels, who read a paper on this subject before the French Academy of Science. During the Balkan war, Professor Laurent said he had noticed soldiers who, seemingly, were troubled from cerebral disturbances, although having escaped a bullet. Sometimes the victims became catatonic and in less serious cases there were symptoms of fainting, tingling sensations and partial paralysis.

In instances where this mysterious affliction caused death, autopsies were held and these invariably revealed no nervous lesions. Then it occurred to Professor Laurent that the variations of atmospheric pressure caused by the passing of the projectile had an effect upon the nerve cells, causing inhibition.

Dr. Matignon, during the Russia-Japan war, reported similar cases, particularly after a severe bombardment. As projectiles gain not only in size, but in speed, as the years go on, just what the toll from wind will be in the next great conflict is hard to forecast.

Once Over.

Some men attract more attention than a thermometer on a pleasant day.—Chicago News.

Fur-Cloths and Furs in Wraps



THE wonderful new fur-cloths are so like the skins which they imitate that they appear in all outside garments made up with genuine furs used as a trimming. They do not suffer in the least by comparison with these.

The owner of a coat made of expensive fur sometimes finds a drop of bitterness mixed with her pleasure in it. The thought of the number of small animals that must be sacrificed or more often still, the thought that the most of furs are not very durable, are disturbing to one's peace of mind.

Now that the new fur-cloths have proved such a triumph with women of fashion they may have longer more durable than natural furs, wraps like these are beautiful, without regrets.

Another good feature of the fur-cloth wrap lies in the fact that it may be altered in shape to conform to the altered lines of the styles as new seasons arrive. The altering of fur garments is an expensive undertaking on account of the difficulty of matching and sewing skins. No difficulties of this kind are met with in handling fur-cloths.

A very handsome coat of broadtail velvet is shown in the picture given here. It is cut on straight lines, flaring toward the bottom, and finished with a collar and cuffs of real chinchilla fur. It is a short coat with flounce set on, shaped to flare and ripple at the sides and back. It is lined with plain satin and fastened with handsome jet buttons.

Worn with the coat is a muff of panne velvet bordered with the fur-cloth. A velvet chrysanthemum is mounted on one border. A smart velvet turban, with the crown extended into wings and the shape outlined with box-plaited satin ribbon, completes a costume that will compel admiration in any gathering of fashionably dressed women.

Gay and Novel Is This.

Red and white Pekin striped pussy willow silk—the popular silk for blouses with the younger contingent—was used to build a gay little replica of an imported model. The striped blouse opens over a vest of white plique, which curves around in waist-coat effect and joins a belt of the silk. An elegant flare collar rises at the back and big red buttons fasten the white waistcoat.

Silver and Green.

Silver lace and emerald green velvet have been combined in several of the models of the autumn that have attracted wide attention. One evening gown is made with much silver lace on an emerald green foundation and further trimming of rhinestones to add to the silvery, light effect.

The Newest Shapes in Velvet Hats



THE velvet hat, having been made in every shape with which we are familiar, now appears in novel shapes that we have not seen before. So far nothing has appeared to supplant it, although there is a whisper in the air that those who like to be "different" may soon choose hatter's plush, bright-finished felts, or hats of bright plush combined with suede leather.

But if one admires velvet and is looking for novelty, two out of the three shapes pictured above are certainly odd and picturesque enough to fill the requirement. The third is a standard shape so good that nothing will ever make it unpopular.

The daring and dashing helmet is a reflection of war times and an extreme of the military mode. Minus the chin strap, there is no reason why it should not prove a successful model. It is military enough without this extreme and inconvenient accessory. The standard cockade of Spanish coque feathers, and the bright silver braid, look quite warlike without the strap. It is a shape for youthful wearers who are excited for running into daring extremes.

A beautiful new shape is pictured with a soft top crown, a wide collar for a side crown and a square brim turned up on three sides. This is a handsome shape, moderately large, with the up-turned portions of the brim curving

downward at the edges. Its charm is increased because the lines of the brim are soft, the frame over which the velvet is laid being of some flexible material without any rigid outlines.

No novel shape needs little trimming, and the extreme of simplicity has been adopted in this hat. A curious ornament of silver fillet spangles is mounted at the front. Soft ostrich plumes are suggested by the shape, and if short and full ought to prove especially well on so rich a background.

The third hat is classed among that legion of shapes called "sailor" without any very good reason. The crown is soft with puffed top and narrow collar of velvet laid in folds. The brim is plain, lifting a little at the left, where it widens. It is very graceful.

This hat is trimmed with a very handsome spray of silver flowers and foliage laid across the base of the crown at the left front. It is almost impossible to describe the novelties in trimming of silver and other metallic effects, they are so new and unlike other things. But never was anything more beautiful and striking used with black and dark-colored velvets.

This last hat is a lovely and conservative piece of millinery.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—MRS. THOMSON, 643 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

To cure constiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, alterative and cathartic properties.

Tut's Pills

possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural regular motion, so essential to regularity.

Resonant Tum-Tums.

Little Madge had been listening to her mother reading from the paper. All was silent for some little time and then Madge burst out laughing very suddenly.

"Why, dearie," said the mother "what is it?"

"I was thinking of what you just read about the wild people in Africa, mother," replied the child.

"But there was nothing amusing about that, dear."

"Why, yes there was, mother," said Madge, "about their beating on their tum-tums till they could be heard for miles."—Everybody's Magazine.

War Snatches.

Simson Ford, the humorist of New York, said the other day:

"We are a nation of humorists. We extract humor even out of war. As I walked down Broadway the other morning I overheard scraps of talk like these:

"The missionaries have been looking for heathens in the wrong countries."

"What's the matter with the late Rudyard Kipling resurrecting himself and giving us a new war song?"

"Carnegie's new palace? The kaiser has turned it into a fort."

Self-conceit is a good asset. A man can't hope to be popular with his friends unless he is popular with himself.

Virtue is its own reward, but even an angel blows his own horn.

Tone Up!

Not Drugs—Food Does It

—wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

Such a food is

Grape-Nuts

The entire nutrition of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—

Long baked, easily digested, ready to eat; an ideal food with cream or milk, and fine in many combinations.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.